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*An Evening with Our Professor.**

FIRST PAPER.

IT WAS threatening rain, and my classmate and I were delighted at the welcome from the dreary night outside to the Professor's cosy study, lined with books and furnished with easy chairs, models of comfort, in which we ensconced ourselves without delay. The Professor himself, a man of soldierly figure and in the prime of life, had been seated at a table piled with manuscript. Evidently we had not found him entirely at leisure, but his greeting was none the less cordial.

"Professor," said I, after some moments of conversation, "you have often, in the class-room and elsewhere, given us bits of your personal history that have filled us with the most eager desire to know more. Have you time, and will you tell us something of it, more in detail?"

He smiled, and glanced at the manuscript at his elbow. "Well, gentlemen, I am very busy, and to describe prop-

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erly any portion of a life so full of vicissitudes as mine has been should require much careful thought. But, if you wish, I will spare you an hour or so, and endeavor to recall something that may be of interest to you."

He lighted a cigar and leaned back thoughtfully, then began a recital that was to prove more exciting than his own words had led us to expect. As he went on he forgot himself more and more. His cigar went out; often he sprang from his seat and paced the room; his eyes flashed and his voice rose to the pitch of command, while we, his listeners, sat spellbound. And these, in substance, were his words:

"You doubtless know, gentlemen, that my early home was in the Polish province of Posen. In 1844 I had completed a preliminary course and entered the University of Breslau, where I gave special attention to History and Ancient and Slavic languages. At this time I became an initiate of a secret society whose object was to bring about the liberation of Poland, a movement in which I, of course, was interested heart and soul, and which, I verily hoped, would succeed.

"We were placed under oath to obey without question all orders from the Central Committee of Paris. Almost immediately I received orders to go, in June, into Russia on a secret mission; nothing less than to ascertain the temper of the people, and prepare the way for an uprising. I may add that the greater number of our university men who were of Polish nationality were in some manner connected with these secret political movements. I procured a student's passport from Berlin, with the avowed object of making a literary investigation of Slavic folk-lore. To maintain appearances, whenever I entered a Polish village I conversed with the peasantry, listened to their songs and stories, and wrote them down. But, of course, this was only a pretext. My real business was with the other class of society, the stadt-holders. During the day I mingled with

the people, but at night I was the guest of the stadt-holder and his friends, and among them my most important work was prosecuted.

"After five months I returned to the University. Two or three weeks before Christmas I was again sent out. This time my instructions were to procure statistics from the stadt-holders as to how many men and horses and what supplies they could furnish toward an outbreak planned for March, 1846. Two other students were sent on the same service to different provinces. One of these was arrested. All his memoranda of money, horses and men were found concealed in his cane, and he was at once tried before the permanent court-martial stationed in that province, and executed by hanging. Upon this clue the Russian authorities began to give special attention to all young university men who happened to be in the country on any pretext whatever. Fortunately, I had committed nothing to paper, but trusted entirely to my memory to preserve the information I had gathered. Yet trouble was in store for me.

"One evening at a party in Warsaw, a quiet-looking man in the dress of an officer of high rank, and one whom I had met earlier in the evening, approached me and whispered, 'You are wanted immediately. Do not resist, as you will only compromise the host, but follow me quietly.'

"Suspecting him to be an agent of the secret police, I knew at once what was before me. In less than an hour I was a prisoner in the fortress of Warsaw.

"The commandant of the fortress was a German, from one of the Baltic provinces belonging to Russia; and I was well acquainted with his adjutant. The latter, having recognized my name upon the descriptive list, visited me in my cell, and asked, 'What brought you here?'

"I replied, 'I do not know.'

"'Have you any compromising papers as to your business or motives?'

"'None whatever. My papers are all at the office of the Prussian Consul, at Warsaw.'

“‘Have you friends here?’

“‘Yes. The Secretary of the Prussian Consul-General has been my fellow-student in Breslau.’

“The adjutant sent me some refreshment, and next morning I received a visit from my friend, the Secretary. Through him I claimed the protection of the Prussian government.

“Luckily the Chief Consul was absent, and my friend at once went to work in my behalf. It was necessary to conceal my nationality, but this was easy, as I had never spoken Polish, save to most intimate friends. The only charge against me was that spies had seen me conversing with suspected persons; nothing suspicious had been found on my person.

“I was detained five days, and examined officially. I simulated the most dense ignorance of the tongue used by the examiners, and replied through a German interpreter. Meanwhile the revolution had broken out in Cracow and throughout the Polish provinces of the Austrian Empire. Though it was immediately suppressed, it made matters still worse for me; but, in the absence of direct proof, I was finally sent to the frontier under Russian military escort, and consigned to the Prussian authorities. This proved to be not a change for the better. The Russians had treated me well, but my new custodians called me a rebel, carried me straightway to Posen, and there imprisoned me.

“For six weeks I was kept in solitary confinement, and subjected to ill-treatment. On examination it was found that I had left Prussia openly, under a regular passport, and with the permission of the highest authorities; and that the Russian government had no proof against me. But it was found that I was three months past the age at which every young man, according to the laws of Prussia, must report for military duty, and the result was that I was bundled off to enter the service of the government I hated, the only favor allowed me being the choice of place. Accordingly I decided to enter a Berlin cavalry regiment, and served there two years and a half, till 1848.

"If I chose I might call this the bitterest period of my life. In addition to the unpleasantnesses to which every newcomer is subjected, I had to endure the most terrible taunts and aspersions upon my birth, character, education and loyalty; for I was generally known as a rabid rebel in spirit, though I was not known to have been an active one. Officers made it a special study to provoke me, and if I had made a wry face I would have been sent to shovel dirt at the fortifications. For six months I endured it all, and swallowed insults, of which the following is an example:

"The stables of the squadron to which I was attached contained one hundred and fifty horses. They were of white marble and were marvels of neatness; not a fly or a straw or a speck of dirt might be anywhere permitted. Nine men were assigned to stable-guard duty, a service which included the care of the animals; and one Sunday this fell to me. One of the animals was a terribly vicious stallion, so dangerous that an iron bar was fastened behind him to protect passers-by from his heels. One man alone could approach him; toward all others he was implacable, and he was known to have seriously injured several men.

"While I was on guard, the captain, who had constituted himself one of my most relentless tormentors, approached and ordered me to lead out this very stallion for inspection. It was as much as my life was worth, but hesitation meant the guard-house or the fortification. As quietly as possible I stole up behind the horse, then with a rapid movement, threw down the bar and sprang past to his head; grasped the halter, and holding his head as high as possible, led him out before the captain. That worthy eyed me for some time in silence; then with a scowl and a snarl of contempt, he asked, 'You call yourself an educated man? Answer me, sir.'

"'Zu befehlen' (*at your command*), I replied.

"'You are a jackass!'

"'Zu befehlen.'

“‘Do you know why you are a jackass?’ he asked, after allowing me some time for reflection.

“‘Zu befehlen,’ I maintained.

“‘I’ll tell you why you are not an educated man. You pretend to have studied History and Philosophy, Language and Literature, and yet you cannot lead a horse properly.’ Thereupon he thrust his thumb through the halter ring, forcing the horse’s chin to the level of his shoulder, and holding it there firmly. ‘Now take him back to his stall, you Polish rebel!’ And I obeyed in the manner prescribed, which, in point of fact, gave me perfect control of the animal.

“Next morning at drill and inspection this same captain compelled me to parade alone before the ranks six or seven times, without a word as to his purpose; at last permitting me to return to my place. Seeing signs of wrath in my face, he came before me and exclaimed savagely, ‘You churl, I will drive the accursed Polish notions out of your head—I will make you eat sugar from my hand like a tamed he goat.’

“In time, however, by maintaining the strictest self-control and obedience, I rose in the estimation of officers and comrades, and was treated like a gentleman. I was promoted, became noted as a drill-master, was placed in charge of the recruits from the Polish provinces who could not speak German, and won their affection by using their own tongue. As I have said, I served thus two years and a half, until the Revolution of Paris. Yet all this time I was *en rapport* with the plans and movements of the conspirators, who aimed to free my Polish brethren.

“In 1848, six weeks after the outbreak of the French Revolution, the dance began in Berlin. On the night of the 18th of March the bugle called our regiment of six hundred men to police duty in the square before the royal palace. On the way thither we were fired upon, but were protected by our breastplates. We remained in the saddle

all night in the open air. I had been ill a short time before, and the exposure brought on a relapse, so that next day I was placed on the sick list and sent to the guard-room near the palace to rest. Here I remained several hours listening to the terrific uproar without, and boiling to get away and join the people, a movement that would incur the double danger of being shot at as a Prussian by one party and as a deserter by the other.

"Here I lay until I heard my own company ordered to charge upon the barricades which the insurgents had thrown across the streets. I could endure no longer. Springing up, I rushed into the muster hall, reported for duty, and took my place in the line of mounted men fronting the barricade, scarcely able to keep my saddle, but upheld by the thoughts of escape, liberty, vengeance. Our two cannon were discharged, then at the word, we swept down the street like the wind, amid a hail of bullets driving from every side, from barricade, window and house-top.

"Only three of my company ever reached that death-dealing obstruction, and I was the first. Right over the debris, in the teeth of that terrible fire, I dashed; my horse fell, but I scrambled on, and in a moment I stood in my Prussian uniform among the populace. A dozen weapons were aimed at me, but in a second I flung down helmet and sword, lifted my hands, and shouted at the top of my voice, '*Hoch lebe das Volk! Hoch lebe das Volk! Long live the people!*'

"Instantly I was embraced by those whose weapons were at my heart; a ringing cheer went up, '*Hoch lebe das Volk!*' a musket was handed me, and I took my place behind the barricade. And wherever appeared the wearer of a blue uniform I sent a leaden compliment in return for past and equally unpleasant favors at his hands. All that I had longed for while lying ill in the guard-room an hour before was mine; I had dared and won."

By the Stream.

FROM THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

ON THE brink of this stream divine
Myriad birds are gladly singing.
My love, my own, forever mine,
Rest at ease 'neath the branches swinging

Myriad birds are gladly singing,
A swan doth glide with the stream along,
Rest at ease 'neath the branches swinging,
Lulled to sleep by the charm of song.

A swan doth glide with the stream along,
Lapped in light by caressing gleams.
Lulled to sleep by the charm of song,
Sweet one, drift to the land of dreams.

Lapped in light by caressing gleams
Peaks arise in the sunset—shine.
Sweet one, drift to the land of dreams
From the brink of this stream divine.

Clay.

MRS. DR. WELLBORNE had a taste for the unique ; and money also to gratify her taste. Her house, so Clay and I had been informed dozens of times since our arrival in Rowan, was a perfect museum of curiosities and works of art, rare paintings, antique bronzes, rich and costly tapestries, besides numbers of the most curious relics from uncivilized and barbarous lands, "idols of the black men who fought on the coast of Coromandel, and wampum of red men who scalped each other by the great lakes of North America," as our friend Harding, who was fond of Macaulay, once expressed it.

Mrs. Dr. Wellborne was the reigning queen of Rowan ; whom she would, she slew socially, and whom she would,

she kept alive. No one was admitted to the most select society of Rowan unless possessed of a passport in the shape of an invitation to one of Mrs. Dr. Wellborne's exclusive receptions. Till honored with a document of this character, though he had a family tree so stately and so ancient that its shadows had preserved an aristocratic pallor untarnished by the sun on the faces of his race for generations, yet was he regarded as a mere unit in the mass of the "unwashed."

Clay and I had lived in the little city of Rowan for about a year, he practicing law and I medicine. We had come with what we considered sufficient recommendation to any society—independent incomes, not vast, possibly, but comfortable; of respectable families, and of course, in our own eyes at least, possessed of more or less personal advantages. But as yet we had not gained access at the portals of Mrs. Dr. Wellborne's court; as yet we were, per force, of the number of those envious outsiders, among whom Mrs. Welborne's mansion was irreverently termed the Eden Musée, and her reception evenings, exposition nights. Clay and I not caring to be classed with this last-mentioned clique, and as yet unnoticed by the "Brahmin caste" had, during our year's residence in Rowan, led a life of comparative seclusion with which we were becoming altogether dissatisfied, for young men at our time of life are seldom content with the condition of *Nemonism*.

On the afternoon of November 3d, 187-, however (I remember the date well, for that day was the prelude to the strange circumstance I am about to relate), a fine turnout, the fine turnout of Rowan, drove up to our door, Mrs. Dr. Wellborne's elegant footman stepped condescendingly down, and with a "For Mr. Clay and Mr. Townsend, please," deposited two notes in the hands of our awe-struck menial and drove off at a dignified pace.

"Well, Clay," said I, "here are our complimentaries to the Museum at last. Rather sudden, don't you think; only been here a whole year; the Dowager couldn't possibly find out

all our quarterings in so short a time. This move is too aggressive, and I don't think we should accept. 'Beware of vidders,' Clay."

Clay was standing with his back to the fire, for it was a cold, raw, autumn day, holding the note absent-mindedly in his hands. Clay never would have made a lawyer, he was too unpractical—positively dreamy. Often I've seen him sit a whole evening with his cheek resting on his hand, while he looked and looked into the fire, as if his soul were really a divine flame, as the old poets used to say, and as if he found a kindred and sympathetic spirit in the grate. At such times, dwelling on Clay's ample forehead and beautifully chiselled face, I almost persuaded myself that my companion was destined to become a man of mark, one whose thoughts and aspirations were the result of a finer and more delicately toned soul than most men possessed. And then I would remember how, several years before, just after Clay had graduated, his family took him to Dr. Spinger, famous for his treatment of Ideopathic insanity, and the result was strict seclusion and careful watching for eighteen months, during which time not even the most intimate friends of the family knew of Clay's condition. Thinking of these things I would shake my head and then strive to rouse him from his revery.

"Yes, Frank, I agree with you," he said at last; "I think we better not go."

"Why, old man," said I, "I was only joking; we can't afford to throw away an opportunity like this, and you were just longing the other day, too, for a peep into the gay world. Besides, what would the Rowanites say? Refuse an invitation to one of the Dowager's balls! Why, they would tar and feather us for such contempt of court."

"I don't think I can go though, Frank," Clay replied; "I have felt rather nervous lately, and I'm afraid this extra excitement would be too much for me, and, see here, it's a fancy ball too. No, I declare I can't go."

"Now, Clay," I said, "you've been moping lately, and this mild dissipation is just what you need; it will stir you up," and I hastily scrawled a note of acceptance in my most important and professional hand, and sent it off before Clay could interpose any further objection. "Well, Frank," he said ruefully, "I suppose we've got to go now." "Yes, we've got to go," I repeated sharply, for I was provoked at what seemed to me his morbid reluctance, "and what is more, we've got to go in all our war paint, for I understand these fancy balls of the Dowager's are most elaborate affairs."

The ball was to come off on the following Thursday evening, and as this was to be our entrée into the fashionable society of Rowan, we bestowed considerable attention on our costumes. Not having much idea of the eternal fitness of things, I thought I could impersonate a knight very cleverly, and accordingly got myself up as an ideal Rinaldo, a regular dude of the eleventh century. I was very well pleased with my own appearance till I saw Clay in his finery. It was a unique and striking costume, the regular ball dress of a young English naval officer of the time of Gov. Brewster. On any other person it would have looked absurd even as a fancy dress, but somehow the gay colors and peculiar style set off and harmonized with Clay's magnificent figure and fine features, for he was a handsome fellow, and never had I so fully realized it as I did that night, I saw him fully dressed, ready for the ball. "Well," said I, half envious, half admiring, as we took our seats in the cab on that memorable Thursday evening, "you will certainly be the beau, Clay. Who will be the belle, I wonder? You can easily leave me in the cold to-night; but take care, don't you do it or I'll brain you when we get back again." "I wish you would brain me now, Frank," Clay replied, "for I have a terrible headache. I'd back out of going even yet if I could, and besides—well, don't make fun of me, Frank, but I feel as if some-

thing were going to happen to me at that party." "Fall in love, perhaps," I suggested. "Well, Clay, if I thought you were about to secede from our union in that way I would help you to back out," and a strange wistfulness and love sprang up in my heart for him as we often feel for one from whom we are about to part.

We both were silent till we drove up to Mrs. Wellborne's gaily illuminated house. "Brace up now, old boy," I said; "I'm afraid we have been rather sentimental. It won't do for a knight of my caliber and a gentleman of the Royal Navy like you to enter otherwise than as 'warriors bold' and as conquerors."

Up the broad carpeted stairs into the brilliantly lighted hall we passed. "Gentlemen will please take the door at the left of the stairs," and we went on up, preceded by several princes and potentates.

"By George, Clay," I exclaimed under my breath, "look at this stairway,—solid mahogany." "Yes, and do you see that bronze knight holding the lamp there at the turn?" he answered; "he rather takes the shine out of you, Frank," and so we gained the gentlemen's room. I "perked up," as they say in New England, and then waited for Clay, who seemed to take particular pains to delay us. "Will you never be ready?" I exclaimed at last, impatiently. "You have been long enough fussing here to have your own hair grow into as big a periwig as the one you have on. Hurry up, can't you?" "No, I can't, Frank," he said half beseechingly. "I can *not* go down there." "Why, what on earth is the matter with you? you act like a fool; come along," and I fairly dragged him out of the room.

I noticed he was paler than usual, but I was in rather an unheeding state that night, and supposed that his nervousness and headache, of which he complained, were brought on by sheer diffidence. We were just about to descend the stair when Clay pressed my arm and caused me to look up. The stairway apparently divided at the landing, where the

bronze knight stood, one flight leading to our rooms and the other evidently leading to the ladies' apartments, for a lady was just descending it a little before us. My attention was at once riveted on her, and as I gazed my head fairly swam, my whole soul seemed to be drawn out of me, and I felt perfectly empty, though that is rather a homely way of expressing it. Never had I seen such beauty in face, form or attitude. The girl, for she seemed scarcely twenty, was pausing a moment on the stair, as we were. There was an expectant yet timid look in her face as she leaned slightly over the banister and caught a glimpse of the gayety below. The soft light of the lamps stole up, revealing the delicate color in the arm that rested on the banister, though leaving the face in a half shadow. But what struck me particularly with an odd sort of shock and called my attention to the convulsive trembling of Clay at my side was the dress the girl wore. It was the richest of brocades and in a style and fashion that corresponded perfectly with Clay's own colonial costume.

"Who is that, Frank, quick, tell me?" he whispered hoarsely. "How should I know?" I petulantly answered, for I began to realize the unmannerly way in which we were staring at her. "Come on, don't you see she is waiting for us to go down first? It strikes me, though, she is rather indifferent to her conspicuous position. Why, I declare, it's a picture, Clay!" The truth had just dawned on me, but we could not stand gazing there in that ridiculous way any longer, much as I should have liked to have examined the clever deception.

Mrs. Wellborne was at the foot of the stair to welcome us, which she did in a most gracious and friendly manner, and soon Clay and I were separated and I saw him but once again during the evening. He was then standing in the hallway, for the moment alone, and gazing up at the picture which was partially visible from his position, and the expression that was in his face haunted me the rest of the evening.

It turned out that the picture was the latest addition to Mrs. Wellborne's collection, and this was its coming-out ball, so to speak. The painting had made a great sensation in the artistic world (I would no doubt have recognized it from the descriptions I had heard of it had I not been so taken by surprise), and many were the surmises as to the painter, but so far his name had not been made public. I went to look at the painting several times in the course of the evening, and the first startling impression seemed to increase rather than diminish as I studied it. The picture grew in reality. It became, as one looked at it, almost painfully personal and real, and there was in it, moreover, a subtle something that jarred unpleasantly on one, though if you applied any particular canon of art, the picture satisfied it perfectly.

At last this nervous aversion, as I might almost call it, became so strong that I dared not go near it, and I noticed that several others were affected in a similar manner.

The evening was socially, however, a decided success, and when Clay and I had paid our respects to Mrs. Wellborne and were on our way home I had completely recovered my equilibrium and was in the best of spirits. Suddenly, while I was rattling on with the experiences of the evening, Clay broke in as if he had not heard a word of what I had been saying—"Frank, did you notice that pretty girl as we came down the stairs? I was very anxious to be introduced to her for I'm sure I've seen her before, but I only caught one other glimpse of her during the evening." "Why Clay," I said, with rather an uneasy laugh, for I was becoming somewhat alarmed at the evidently unnatural state in which he had been all evening, "didn't you see that it was a picture?" "I believe you said something of the sort at the time," he answered, "but you were deceived, not I, the girl was as real as either of us. Didn't I tell you I have seen her before?"

"Nonsense, you have seen a photograph of the painting somewhere, that is all."

It seemed absurd to argue over such a question with a sane man, and yet I could hardly persuade even myself, now that only its influence remained with me, that the picture was not indeed a reality.

I felt in a strangely nervous and perturbed state that night, excited over the recollections of the ball and especially troubled about the unusual manner in which Clay had acted. When I retired for the night my mind was filled with odd, impossible fancies, which became wilder and more fantastic as they were merged into dim dreams. I suddenly awoke with a start out of a dream in which the scenes of the ball, Mrs. Wellborne, the picture, Clay, were jumbled with circumstances that had happened years before, our graduation, Clay's sickness and my great anxiety for him at that time. I was wide awake in an instant and heard Clay talking violently to himself in his sleep, and his dreams seemed to be governed by the same laws of association that mine had been, for I heard him repeat Dr. Springer's name several times with an angry emphasis, and in the next breath talk of the picture, and always as if it were a reality to him.

The next day Clay came down looking wretchedly, but acting rationally enough. Still I was now thoroughly alarmed and kept a strict watch on all he did. Nothing happened for several days, though he grew more haggard in appearance and had less and less to say. Once or twice I kept awake purposely, and each time Clay was pursued by the same imaginings as at first, and his evident mental distress was most painful to witness. On the following Monday, however, a change came over him. He was in a flush of excitement all day, and seemed to have completely regained his spirits, and, somewhat to my astonishment, proposed to make our party call on Mrs. Wellborne. I acceded, hoping that if he saw the picture again he might recover from the strange hallucination that had mastered him. But Clay did not speak of the picture till we were

just about to leave, when he said hurriedly, "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Wellborne, if you will pardon my curiosity, I should very much like to know who the young lady was the other evening who was dressed in the colonial fashion. I saw her as Frank and I were coming down stairs, and my attention was particularly directed toward her, for I was sure that I had met her before; will you tell me where she lives?"

I was too dumbfounded to interpose, and Mrs. Wellborne, thinking the whole a good joke, laughingly rejoined, "Now, Mr. Clay, you don't mean to say you were smitten, or is this really love at first sight? What a delightful little romance! So you wish to know her 'local habitation,' do you? Well, I won't be hard on you." And she gave him the address of the art store in New York where she had purchased the picture.

Clay thanked Mrs. Wellborne with the greatest warmth, to her infinite amusement. The frivolous woman! I fervently wished something would interfere with her sense of the ludicrous. My wish was too speedily gratified. I was fearful that there would be the devil to pay for this unlucky interview, and sure enough we had hardly got out of the house when Clay turned on me with a triumphant "I told you so; of course she was alive or she wouldn't be living on Fifth Avenue." I did not reply, and left Clay to go home alone, as I had some business to attend to. I did not return home till late that evening. Clay was not there, nor did he come in that night. I waited till morning, when, Clay still being absent, I, in great alarm, telegraphed his parents to come on directly (they lived at a considerable distance from Rowan), and then went out to make inquiries.

What I strongly suspected and most dreaded proved true. Clay had been seen the afternoon before boarding the train for New York. I resolved to take the next train for the city, but, unfortunately, none left till late in the day. Meanwhile, I passed a most wretched time, blaming myself for

my carelessness, and every possibility that presented itself affording only a new cause for anxiety. While pacing my room in this agitation I heard the whistle of the outbound train from the city, a sound I seldom noticed, but now the wild shriek of the engine came to me with peculiar sharpness, and almost caused my heart to stop beating. Fifteen minutes later I heard a fumbling at the latch and there was Clay. He passed by me with a set expression in his face like one in a dream, and went into his room. I hesitated a few moments and then knocked at the door; no answer. "Clay," I called, "can I come in?" There was a momentary rustle in the room and then silence. With the perspiration standing out on my face I pushed the door softly open, and there was poor Clay dressed in all the finery of his masquerade, stark mad.

* * * * *

The strangest fact of all this sad story, however, is yet to be told. Clay's parents arriving the next day, we took him immediately to the city and placed him under the care of his former physician. I, of course, gave Dr. Springer a circumstantial account of the case, and ended by asking him what he thought could have brought on this sudden relapse. By way of reply he proposed that we should pay a visit to the art store where the painting I had mentioned was purchased. "I should very much like to see a copy of it," said Dr. Springer. We went accordingly, and, a photograph of the picture being produced, the Doctor immediately exclaimed, "It was as I thought, and yet it is very wonderful. Mr. Townsend, Clay painted that picture in his former derangement. *There was madness in it.*"

Wine of Cyprus.

FROM BERANGER.

CYPRUS, thy wine that gladdens all my heart
Makes me once more that ancient world behold
Where all the gods sit throned, from earth apart.
Time was I doubted all these gods of old.
If our dull writers, in their pagan books,
Made me despise a worship fair and free,
It was because this wine ne'er cheered their looks,
'Twas wine of Cyprus made the gods to be.

To the Greek faith I learnt in schoolboy days
I now return; strong is the god of wine.
The chorus to my songs the Graces raise,
And round me dance with beings a'l divine.
Fauns, Dryads, and ye spirits of the heights
Circle me round with mirth and jollity.
But come not near my glass, chill water sprites,
'Twas wine of Cyprus made the gods to be.

Thanks to this wine, in which all cares are drowned,
I'm sailing now unto that ancient shrine
Where beauty, with the fragrant myrtle crowned,
'Neath the bright sky is worshipped as divine.
Born in the North, where storms for aye prevail,
When we behold that sky's serenity,
Well may we our unhappy lot bewail,
'Twas wine of Cyprus made the gods to be.

All the great poets of that early time
In this good wine quaffed immortality.
Oh, let me drink, and then perchance my rhyme
In future days, like theirs, will chanted be.
Ah, no; but see, with all the hosts of love
Hebe a moment quits the skies for me,
And fills my glass with wine like that above,
The wine of Cyprus that made gods to be.

Study of Renaissance Literature.

I SUPPOSE that no man, be he never so unambitious, enters the precinct of college cloisters without some ideal of scholarly attainment and pleasure combined in the perusal of literature during his collegiate course. His projects in this line may be crude, undefined and, very likely, unconfessed, even to his nearest friend. Yet, deep at heart, he cherishes his darling scheme, though he may defer its execution, alas, too often, forever. I remember that my dreams of Junior and Senior years partook of this character. I fancied myself able to read both Latin and Greek with fluency, and often anticipated the pleasure of revelling in the beauties of Theocritus, in catching the warm, passionate emotion of Sappho, in penetrating the recesses of the human heart, as delineated in an Iphigenia or an Orestes. Yet it was my fate to pursue the classics mainly as sources of mental discipline rather than as Literature. Perhaps, now that I am making confessions, I should add that I indulged in the fancy of burying myself in the Italian and Spanish classics, led on in this hope by the false beacon of our catalogue, which long ago promised this boon, while we are still without a shepherd to lead us into that enchanted land of romance and dreams. And so, in observing how largely our reading is confined within the circle of literary mediocrity, I cannot but recall the lucky soldier in one of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, who, being possessed of a magic tinder-box, which brought him every kind of money, flung away his silver and copper as soon as he received the gift of gold. So, perhaps, we might be induced to give Haggard and the Duchess the go-by if we could only be persuaded that we could find other reading more stimulating and affording not less entertainment. However, I am not disposed to take a pessimistic view of the present tendency of the college in the matter

of books. The Junior year's course in English Literature and the past influence of our Dramatic Association have given a decided stimulus to the perusal of early English classics.

Hawthorne somewhere roguishly suggests that the lost Alexandrian manuscripts were nothing as compared with the voluminous mass of unpublished American literature, some of which emanates from a certain New Jersey college. Yet I am strongly inclined to suspect that our comparative poverty in the line of inventive and original productions here at Princeton is largely due to our failure to read more thoroughly the choicest literature of the past. Here, of course, there are many mines that may be profitably worked, but the one to which I desire especially to direct attention is the classic literature of Italy and Spain. With us this region is a lost Atlantis, and yet the Renaissance literature is eminently worthy of study as a thing in itself. When we consider our utter neglect of this department we may conclude that possibly Tennyson had us in view when he wrote the lines—

"And there the world-worn Dante grasped his song
And somewhat grimly smiled."

Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso—these to us are sealed volumes. Macchiavelli's *del Principi* is almost unknown, and the "much-praised Decameron" (a strange example of the survival of the fittest), is not perused exactly on the principle of *l'art pour l'art*, I fear. What we have said about the Italian classics may, with equal truth, be applied to the classic literature of Spain. Noble old Cervantes, whose very personality is as dear as his works, has long ago been sent to Coventry, as far as any discriminating or appreciative criticism is concerned. Lope de Vega and Calderon are included in the vague encyclopædic category of "celebrated Spanish authors." In short, the literary life of the Renaissance, that "rehabilitation of human nature," is to

us, nothing more than an abstraction. It may be urged against all these writers, and against Dante in particular, that they are and must remain the poets of the few; that of all others, Dante's works especially demand the most careful and painstaking study; in fine, that he is above us altogether. In a sense all this is true, yet where are we so liberally rewarded for our pains? Where can we obtain grander conceptions of the "undiscovered country" than under the guidance of him who looked on *Farinata* in his fiery tomb and burst through the empyrean to gaze upon the uncreated glory of the Godhead?

But while it is true that a knowledge of Renaissance literature is intrinsically valuable, it also has another advantage of unlocking to us the development of later thought and in coördinating our knowledge of the contemporaneous revival of Art and Science. Most of us are acquainted with the labors of Galileo, of Toricelli, of Galvani, in Science; the works of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo de Vinci, and their disciples in Art, are daily becoming common property. Yet they were but co-laborers with the great authors of their age, nor did they exert as potent an influence in the sphere of letters as Dante alone, to whom is due, in no small measure, the majesty of Milton, "the mighty organ-voice of England."

The best evidence that can be produced of the debt of English literature to the Renaissance, and especially to Dante, may be obtained in the works of our greatest authors. Shakespeare was the child of the Renaissance. Before him Chaucer and Spencer had been permeated by its influence, and Macaulay pronounced Dante the superior of Homer. Then, again, look at his influence on our own poets. Longfellow's translation of the *Divine Comedy*, and his marvelously majestic and beautiful sonnet on its author, reveal his obligations to the great Italian; while Lowell has declared that Dante carried beneath his single hood the quintessence of all that was praiseworthy in his age.

It must then be evident that a knowledge of this wonderful period is necessary to an understanding of the ages that have followed. We must be conversant with that era if we would understand our own. Nay, more; we can lay no true claim either to scholarship or culture while we remain in ignorance of those mighty souls, who not only revived, but handed down undiminished to succeeding generations the torch of human learning.

A Portrait.

ALL that the broad hills hold
Of beauty, all that field
And mead or mere may yield,
All here has met to mould
This woman's winning grace
Of form and face.

Many a breeze has blown,
Light as a whiff of rhyme,
O'er Time's old tower sublime,
Since first the sunbeams shone,
That spun with gold the snare
Of her rich hair.

Loveliness is the child
Of merry days of yore;
It sings forevermore
Of hours spent in the wild,
Carelessly or at ease,
'Neath locust trees.

Thus in her eye there strays
The light of long ago,
Her cheek is made to glow
By dreams of olden days,
And oft she lisps unheard
Some long-lost word.

Oh, mystery! None can know
From what world of thin fame
Or unknown age she came,
(Who knows whence soul-winds blow?)
For beauty all untold
Counts ages old.

Lowell's Criticisms and Prose.

NATIONAL literature, like Nature itself, seems to have certain summers of fruitage preceded by winters of sterility and followed by autumns of decay. The spirit of the age embodies itself therein, and is thus preserved to the future. When the times are agitated by no questions of public polity or disturbed by no storms of moral conflicts, the contribution to literature is generally small and of little permanent value.

Our American literature has passed through its first period of development. The great questions that then agitated our nation were external, and threw their reflection into the crystalizing thought of the times. The questions of to-day are silent, internal, and their impress on letters is vague and indistinct. In such a state of comparative lethargy must our literature remain until waked by the agitation of some great moral issue.

Of this first period the critic, *par excellence*, is James Russell Lowell. Born of Puritan ancestors, reared on the virgin soil of the grand old Bay State, he early imbibed the advanced spirit of his times. He was educated at our great University of Harvard, and after graduation enrolled himself among the disciples of Themis. But the bent of his genius lay in other directions. He found the use of the caustic epithet a far readier way of expressing his sentiments than the laborious fabrication of syllogisms. So turning from law he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and, together with Poe and other rising young *littérateurs*, begun editing a magazine. But his new mistress was as coy as his former mistress had been displeasing, and doomed this, his first effort, to failure. Persevering, however, he at length became recognized as possessed of no mean literary ability, until to-day, after successive triumphs, he stands the foremost American critic.

We purpose to discuss briefly some of the more prominent features in his criticisms. Such a discussion, it is evident, must depend, to some degree, on what we understand to be the nature and object of Criticism. "The object of criticism," says Matthew Arnold, "is to see things as they really are,"—a perfect definition, whose proof lies in the fact that Criticism, as well as all analytical sciences, is designed to resolve its subject into its simplest constituent elements. Granted so much, we may safely pronounce the two qualifications for a critic are acuteness of discernment and ability of expression. On this basis we shall make our test, noting the bent of Lowell's mental characteristics as they manifest themselves in these two lines.

First and foremost among Lowell's innate qualities befitting a critic is his moral instinct, which feels that "it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die;" a feeling, moreover, active rather than passive, which assimilates with all he believes to be true and repels all that he conceives to be false; a moral feeling which segregates him from the Pagan sensuous school of Arnold, and which, in distinction, rests upon a basis of absolute and eternal Right and Wrong.

Next among helpful agencies is the native strength of his mental faculties, enriched by a liberal education and a wide range of reading. Indeed, his familiarity with the literature of all tongues is proverbial. An oft-recurring sign of this mental vigor is his constant tendency toward aphoristic expression. This very strength, however, proves his greatest bane; first, because it tends to overvalue the substance of thought at the expense of form; and second, because it sometimes approaches dogmatism, on the one hand, and an almost sublime egotism on the other. Keenly enjoying weighty, pithy thought himself, he too often allows its presence to cover a multitude of faults, if not sins, in others. He has somewhere pronounced understanding and imagination to be the ingredients of our best English poetry, but he shows a somewhat undue preference for the former. A

word about his dogmatism. No one admires the ability of Lowell more than that gentleman himself; a fact which tends not only to make him indifferent to the criticisms of others, but to applaud the same spirit wherever manifested. This feeling, I suspect, partly accounts for his deep sympathy with Dante—a feeling which bridges the theological and philosophical chasm between them, which otherwise must have remained well nigh impassable. As to his egotism, perhaps no better illustration of this quality could be found than in his just and charming essay, entitled “Shakespeare Again,” when he remarks, in conclusion, with an indifferent and depreciative wave of the hand, “whether I have fancied anything in Hamlet which the author never dreamed of putting there I do not greatly concern myself to inquire.” But undoubtedly his greatest failure is his inability of gradation. His mind is too rich to submit even to artistic checks on its fertility. You have a true sketch of each individual discussed, but, apart from previous knowledge, they stand on nearly the same footing. His criterion, as given by himself, is as follows: “There are two ways of measuring a poet, either by an absolute, æsthetic standard, or relatively to his position in the literary history of his country and the conditions of his generation. Both should be borne in mind as co-efficients of a perfectly fair judgment. If his positive merit is to be irrevocably settled by the former, yet an intelligent criticism will find its advantage not only in considering what he was, but what, under the given circumstances, it was possible for him to be.” It must be admitted that Lowell uses biographical and historical material to great advantage in his critical productions. He is even inclined to devote a censurably disproportionate amount of space to this relative comparison. These, then, will be found to be the chief characteristics of his literary criticisms; a moral sense, unerring when divorced from prejudice and egotism; a breadth of mind strengthened by the widest culture, yet narrowed sometimes and cramped by

dogmatism; a fine æsthetic perception which fails only in excess of coloring, and whose unvarying richness tends often to a redundant fullness and satiety.

To attempt even the briefest comment on his individual essays would be here impossible. Those on Spenser, Keats and Dante make prominent his obligations to a study of biography, which appears in all his works of this kind. Those on Dryden and Shakespeare show Lowell at his best as a critic. We have a gem in his analysis of the character of Hamlet. His Milton fails because of his long-continued condemnation of Masson's History of Milton and his Times. In an essay of fifty pages, professedly on Milton, we may, with reason, object to having Masson dished up to us in each of the first forty-nine.

On the whole, Lowell is what may be termed an artist-critic. He draws literary characters rather than criticises *per se*. These pictures are true and lifelike. We can ever see them in our mind's eye, not so much because of the prominence of the foreground, for his touch there is not so strong, but the *chiaroscuro*, the light and shadow, is so deftly interwoven that the general impression is both true and lasting.

Many of the qualities that characterize Lowell's criticisms mark his other prose writings as well. We must, therefore, expect to find the same overfulness in places, the same distinct individuality everywhere. The most distinctive feature of his prose, as of all his writings, is the *homme même*, the same self-confident, aggressive, original self which excites an admiration born of strife rather than a heartfelt regard. "His is always the true coin of speech, and never the highly ornamented promise-to-pay token of insolvency." His writings throughout bear evidence of a mind almost inexhaustable in strength, independence and culture, yet vivified by the free play of poetic expression. With him "verses tremble with feeling" and "shine with tears;" with him a tale breathes a spirit "like the whisper of the sea on an unknown shore at night."

Another feature of his prose is what might be termed his Americanism. Cosmopolitan as he is, in literary tastes, he breathes an earnest spirit of patriotism into all he writes. Nor is this only a slavish devotion to the chance land of his birth, but rather the conviction that he finds in America, the nearest approach to his ideal Utopia,

"Where God is God and man is man."

Nowhere do we find more frequent expression of this sentiment than in the Biglow Papers. The patriotism and satire, there clothed in homely garb, give these papers as good a claim to be enrolled among the archives of literature as the hearty sentiment of Burns or the grotesque humor of Hudibras. These papers consisting, as they do, of a series of satires on the public policy of the day, by their unpretentious form did much to disseminate the truths they taught. Lowell's humor is shown throughout. Unlike most masters in this art, however, he generally adds a sting to his humor. He makes of it a sword rather than a foil. It is caustic, trenchant, acrid. It aggravates by absolutely cutting off all ground of debate. Everything is assumed. One cannot help smiling at the dexterity of the thrust and yet cannot fail to see that the wound inflicted is painfully near his enemy's back. His is a witty humor, if the phrase be allowed. For while it is humorous in all its distinctive features, we feel disposed to laugh, not *with* him but *at* him—or rather at his opponent. We give two examples of this quality of his style. His comment on "Advancing Protestantism" by a war with Mexico is—"I do much fear that we shall be seized now and then with a Protestant fervor, as long as we have neighbor Naboths whose wallowings in Papistical mire excite our horror in exact proportion to the size and desirableness of their vineyards." Another equally good specimen is to be found in his essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Answering the English "fling" of "shoddy," he says: "How am I shoddy, asks

the culprit shudderingly? Because thou art not like unto me, answers Lucifer, son of the Morning, and there is no more to be said." However, as Coleridge has remarked of Erasmus, it is a merit of Lowell's jests that they can all be translated into arguments.

"In the Parliament of the Present every man represents a constituency of the Past." With Lowell this is preëminently true. Excepting Longfellow, he is the best representative of the first period of American literature. This school was the product of two factors—one theological, the other political. The Calvinistic theology held undisputed sway in New England for the first century of colonial existence. In itself it contained the germinal seeds and the most favorable circumstances for the development of mental freedom. "But in prosperous times the faith of one generation becomes the formality of the next." And thus this system became entangled in a network of theological hair-splitting. The first attempt at resistance was, curiously enough, a mysticism adopted by some of the keenest minds of the times. But there was destined to be a more open revolt, which found its leader in Channing. And, while the Church changed its attitude in time to prevent the influence of Unitarianism from becoming widespread in religious spheres, it could not prevent its influence from telling on our literature. So that, as Underwood remarks, "with the exception of Irving, Poe and Cooper, there is not a celebrated American author who does not trace his intellectual lineage to Channing or Emerson." But this liberal theological feeling was soon to be swallowed up in the animosity against slavery, which was destined to become the political factor of this school. Lowell was early subjected to these doctrines, readily accepted and defended them. And it is this in part which gives his style that nervous combativeness which is so prominent. It is in this support of principles that Lowell shows to great advantage. He embodies the spirit of his age. And in after times, if one wishes to

acquire a clear insight into the interior workings of the American mind and conscience, it is in Lowell's works that it must be found. But, even if Lowell had advocated those principles that were doomed to failure, even then his works would have ranked high in literature on account of the impressive personality there displayed. It is here that Lowell is really great. We have few better examples of a powerful, scholarly manhood, of higher devotion to principle, of greater courage in its defence. If Longfellow's Psalm of Life was "the heartbeat of the American conscience," its battle-cry was Lowell's Stanzas on Freedom. And, however renowned our literature may become, it must always bestow a green laurel to the brows of him who so well proclaimed the nobility of its mission and the divinity of its end.

Voices.

Should We Read Fiction?

AMONG some of the educators of to-day there has been considerable discussion in regard to the value of fiction reading as a means of education, and, while we do not consider the position of the novel of to-day as at all in disrepute, yet a word in its favor may not be out of place.

The immoral tales of two centuries ago have passed away, and the idea that all fiction is morally hurtful has gone with them, but in its stead have come the claims of history and biography to occupy the place that fiction now holds in the estimation of the general reader. That the novel gives pleasure might be urged in its behalf, but we feel that it has a nobler use, that fiction should be placed on a higher basis in its claim for favor, that it has an intellectual and practical power. In its pages men are introduced to lives that are socially and intellectually far above them. The backward are introduced into society, where, from a retired corner, they may listen to the witty retorts of society's queens and learn the gallantries of her gentlemen. The hard-hearted man is shown his own image in contrast with natures that are free and open, and is bidden to make his choice. The employer is introduced to the home of his laborer, and all the miseries of poverty are laid open to his astonished gaze. The beauties of nature are no longer confined to a favored few, but the humblest reader may, in the pages of his favorite author, transport himself to the cooling breezes and murmuring waves of ocean, or where lofty cliffs and deep ravines tell the story of Nature's birth, or where the pathless woods tell of her vastness.

The imagination, one of God's noblest gifts, is developed by fiction. It introduces us to a new world, in which the

characters are as real and lasting as those we meet in our daily lives. There is no home where they are not known. Who has not formed ideals of them from childhood up? The mighty Achilles and his companions in arms, Æneas, Hamlet, Romeo, Juliet, Ivanhoe, Little Paul, all of them down to Howell's latest characters, the noblest creatures that man has ever known. There was a time when these did not exist, or when they were but fancies in an author's mind; but now they live among us, setting before each new reader their influential examples. What a groundwork for character, what ideals for imitation!

The study of the fiction of all ages is a valuable aid in understanding human character. The mind of man is the same whether it is found in the war-loving Trojan, the Roman soldier, the gallant knight, or the modern gentleman. These characters are interesting to us as men that thought and acted much as we do. Yet these people had many peculiar traits that would have been forgotten had it not been for the writers of historical fiction. Scotland in particular owes much to this form of literature. They had dim ideas of their forefathers who had lived in the mountain valleys and made valiant resistance against Scotland's enemies, and were buried and almost forgotten in the mountain churchyard; but it was the magic power of Scott that awoke to life these slumbering heroes and gave them names and characters and taught their descendants that they might look back to their forefathers with just pride. Scotland can scarcely be mentioned to-day without calling up recollections of Roderic Dhu and his clansmen, of King James and the mighty Douglas. Scott has almost given to Scotland her history. He has added a charm to a land whose history might have been as bleak and bare as are her rocky hills.

If any truth is to be taught no means is so powerful as the novel. Men will always learn from example more quickly than from instruction, for the interest is concentrated

on one character that would be lost if extended to men in general. Alton Locke did much for the English mechanic. Uncle Tom's Cabin, much as it may have deviated from truth, helped to cause the death of slavery. Dickens' works have done much to reform the social condition of England.

In reading we are studying the characters of other men. We are, in fact, living their lives and gaining an experience that is invaluable. Most novels are read for the pleasure they give, but they leave their influence behind them. It is an influence for good or it is an influence for bad. The character of the reader has been damaged or it has been benefited. No set of characters in which we are interested can leave us neutral. They have a power over us that is only exceeded by that of our companions. The impressions left on the mind are almost as strong as if we had acted our part in the scenes described. And so the question comes to us, What novels may we read, and what ones must we refuse? No rule can be given. It would be as impossible to choose our books by rule as it would be to choose our companions. If the mind is degraded, if we see our neighbors in a more unpleasant light, if the world seems darker, if our distinctions between right and wrong become less clearly defined, if our thoughts are less pure, if we do not carry away ideas that will be of interest to us through life, the book that leaves these impressions should never have been read. But, if we are more inclined to see the bright side of nature, if we have more patience with the faults of our fellow-beings, if we gain a new insight into our own character, if we are urged on to nobler efforts and to purer lives, if, in fact, our whole being becomes brighter, then we may say that book has benefited us.

H. A.

"Dr. Channing's Note-Book."

OF THE influences which have moulded American thought and shaped our national history, none have been more potent or far-reaching in their effects than the writings of the so-called transcendental school of New England. Of this school William Ellery Channing may justly be called the founder, and so great was his influence over his younger contemporaries that men like Ripley, Parker and Emerson did not hesitate to acknowledge him as their master. His portrait shows him to have been a man of rare personal beauty, and his sermons are said to have been marked by wonderful eloquence and power. As a writer upon ethical and literary subjects he had a wide circle of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and the deep impressions which his writings produced in England may be judged by the fact that he was spoken of in "*Fraser's Magazine*" as "unquestionably the greatest writer of the day."

That a writer who has exercised so important an influence upon the history of American thought should be but little known at the present day, is only to be accounted for by the fact that his fame has been eclipsed by the overshadowing genius of Emerson. It is one of a class of instances, so numerous in literary annals, where the pupil has excelled his master and has reaped the fruits of what the other has sown. It is cause for congratulation that renewed attention has been directed to Dr. Channing by the recent publication of selections from his "*Note-book*," which were written more than half a century ago, and have never before been made public. The selections make up a little volume of about a hundred pages, and consist mainly of short sentences of not over two or three lines in length. The book is especially interesting as containing in this compressed form what may be considered as the best results of Channing's philosophy. It will well repay a careful reading, not only

from the intrinsic interest and value of its contents, but because of the light which it throws upon the lovable personality of its brilliant author.

J.

Our Winter Reading.

ABOUT the middle of every fall term there comes to the college student the question, What shall I read? Many of us, no doubt, picture to ourselves the cozy and comfortable room with the big "loungy" chair into which we can throw ourselves, and there, on a cold and wintry eve, when everything is stormy and disagreeable without, pick up our favorite author and read to our heart's content. Such an ideal ought certainly to be cherished, but we are at the outset met with the question as stated above, What shall we read? Well, in the first place, our reading must depend on the time which we have at our disposal. If we have a good deal of time on our hands, and are as mentally omnivorous as Macaulay, then we can afford to read almost anything that has the stamp of genuineness upon it. On the other hand, if our time is limited we will be obliged to restrict and define our course of reading. In this latter category the average college student finds himself. Time, then, being an important factor, another thing to be noted is the *taste* of the reader. Reading what we do not enjoy can hardly be of great advantage to us, as we then become mere machines, turning out so many pages per hour from a mere sense of duty. There is a danger here, however, which must be carefully avoided, and that is the possibility of pandering to our lower tastes. We must read those books which please the best that is in us, and by so doing elevate and refine this taste. But there is yet another important aspect of the question. The world of letters has grown to

such a vast extent of late years that it is a physical impossibility for one to read all the good books. We must, therefore, choose a special line of reading and pursue that. If science is systematized knowledge our literary food ought to be systematized reading. We ought to have some definite aim and object in view. We can no more read in an indiscriminate manner and derive much benefit therefrom than we can clothe ourselves in a careless way and appear well dressed. Care is as necessary in the one case as it is in the other. Were we able to read everything we would be in danger of that literary dissipation which often has such injurious results.

In view of what has been said it is manifestly impossible to mark out a line of reading suitable for all. Each one applying the general principles referred to will have to answer for himself the question, What shall I read?

W. H. F.

Vacation Employment.

FOR a long time there has been a great need felt by the class of students who are compelled to work through the summer for some organized system by which they could obtain employment. And this need is being much more felt now than ever, in view of the fact that while there are many openings the men are not found to supply them. That inquiries and requests come to Princeton for tutors during the summer months, and that it is at times either difficult to supply them or that two or three students secure an amount of work that might well be distributed among a greater number, the writer knows to be a fact. But this is only one of the many occupations in which there are, or could be made, openings for honorable and profitable labor.

A remedy for this was suggested to the writer by a notice in one of the New York daily papers of a system which is

being tried at Harvard, with this end in view. The plan is as follows: the Secretary of the University, at the request of President Eliot, has resolved himself into a sort of "intelligence office." His object is to act in the capacity of broker between the merchants or corporations who desire additional or substitute employés during the summer months, and the students who are in need of vacation employment. The need of such an institution was at once apparent. As soon as the scheme was made public over four hundred applications were received from students who were willing to do anything, from conducting horse-cars up to paying money over a cashier's desk at a bank, or acting as tutors in the numberless branches of knowledge. The applications from the demand side were not as numerous as could have been desired, but this is certainly due to the fact that the scheme was very little known among the business men. It is simple enough to acquaint the students with the plan, but it must be expected that time will be necessary to make such an institution widely known in the outside world.

There seems to be no reason why such a scheme might not be tried in Princeton. There are as many of this class here, in proportion to the size of the college, as in any of the great colleges. And would there not be more of this class, whom we know to be frequently the best students and athletes, if there was such an opportunity of helping themselves along?

And, as to the demand, our vicinity to a large number of crowded summer resorts where there is a call for an army of men, in various employments, many of them congenial to the taste of students, and where the need is limited to the very period of the summer vacation, would give Princeton an advantage in making that a success which President Eliot hopes will be a great blessing to many Harvard students.

L. S. M.

Editorials.

IN THE opinion of the judges, the contributions for the sketch contest were so inferior in quality that we are forced to withhold the usual prize.

OWING to the change in the LIT.'s publication, the story prize of \$20.00 will be awarded in the January number instead of December, as heretofore stated. Contributions for this prize should be left at the Sanctum on or before December 12th. Limit, 3,000 words.

IN THIS number of the LIT. we have ventured to introduce a feature which is, so far as we know, an entirely new one in its history. This consists in the publication of the first of a series of articles, biographical in character, which are to run through three numbers, ending in January. These articles are, in every detail, strictly true, being founded on the personal history of a man whom we all well know and deeply respect, and concerning whose eventful experience every man now in college, and every alumnus for the last ten years, has felt the most eager curiosity. We withhold the name, not far the sake of concealing identity, as the character of the work renders that impossible, but in deference to the request of the gentleman in question, who has given us the facts with some reluctance, and only in response to earnest solicitation.

A glance at the first paper of the series will show that the subject is one of no common interest to the general reader as well as to the Princeton man.

A Word to Contributors.

IT IS seldom that the LIT. has occasion to complain of the quantity or quality of its contributions, and so it is with feelings far from akin to pleasure that we call the attention of the Junior class to the fact that their work up to date has been very unsatisfactory. The number of articles contributed has been exceedingly small, and their quality, with a few exceptions, far below that standard of excellence which the ability of the class gives us a reasonable hope to expect. But five more numbers remain before the new editors are selected, and we would therefore urge upon all who contemplate trying for positions on next year's board the necessity of immediately putting forth their very best endeavors. It might be well in this connection to mention the general contribution prize of \$20.00, to be awarded in our last issue, for the best series of not less than six articles. To our knowledge there is no college magazine so liberal in its prize system as the LIT. It has been a source of great satisfaction in the past to find that this liberality has been responded to by an excellent competition, and we greatly regret our inability to award the sketch prize in the present number. We hope to see a decided improvement in the line of contributions in the immediate future.

Titanism.

THERE is a certain class of artists, musicians and writers which may be called the Titanic. Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Carlyle, Emerson, were of this type—men who were continually striving to scale Heaven, probe hell and explore the infinities to the right and left of us. Geniuses of this order are often intolerable, but have a right to exist.

You are oppressed by them and their ponderousness, but you realize that you are crushed through the fault of your own weakness, and can not, therefore, justly complain. But there is also a spurious brood, Titanic in aspiration, but not in inspiration. These are intolerable and have no right to exist. They raise a cloud of dust and think they are disturbing the foundation of the earth. They are forever wrenching themselves for a new thought or a new mode of thought, and the effort is as futile as it is painful to themselves and others. They have but one degree of comparison, and that the superlative. Simplicity is an idea of which they have no perception.

The statement may seem unfeeling, and yet we think many college aspirants for literary fame are akin to this spurious class. Our attention was called to this subject the other day, by the title of an essay in one of our exchanges, "Can the Finite Grasp the Infinite?" We have not read the article, and are not competent to judge of its individual merits, but it is the subject, as a type, we would criticise. We think this style of writing is the result of what has been denominated spurious "Titanism." It is all very well for matured minds to grapple with such problems, as by careful and prolonged study they fit themselves for doing so intelligently, but for the college student to attempt, as he too often does, these profundities, is absurd. His knowledge of such subjects can at best be but superficial, and he must supply his ignorance by assurance. This leads him into writing merely for effect, and the result is, false taste and a bombastic style. Why, in our choice of themes, are we so seemingly fearful of selecting those which we ourselves are able to readily comprehend and make interesting and intelligible to our readers?

If we can, in our college careers, write and speak on themes pertinent to college men and college life, instead of wrestling with subjects alike dull and profitless in our present stage of mental development, we will have an assur-

ance that in after years we can interest the generation with whom we have been brought up on deeper and more vital questions, which must be brought before our attention as men; and, at the same time, we will have taken the surest means to cultivate simplicity in thought and diction, and to escape the charge of spurious Titanism.

The Dramatic Association.

THE permanent organization of a Dramatic Club has supplied a want long felt by the undergraduate body. Nor is the Association any longer an experiment. The successful rendition of "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," "The Country Girl," and "Our Boys," has ably demonstrated that there has existed among us, from time to time, a dramatic ability of no mean pretensions, and so we are glad to learn that as the long, dull months of the winter session are approaching we have in store another dramatic treat in the presentation of "A Weak Woman." We take this early opportunity of extending to the organization our congratulations on their success in the past, and our very best wishes for their continued prosperity.

But what has become of the Minstrel Troupe? "Mr. Staderdock" and his worthy associates certainly made such an impression upon us that their performance will long be remembered as a "Red Letter Day" in the calendar of college entertainments. While some of the "Stars" in last year's firmament have disappeared from view, a sufficient number of luminaries still remain to warrant brilliant success in case they decide to favor us again.

One of the best features of these organizations lies in their willingness to devote the proceeds of entertainments to the benefit of athletics. The scheme is an excellent one, for a great majority of fellows gladly contribute under these circumstances, feeling that they are getting a double return

for their outlay. Indeed, this reciprocal action—where, for value received, the money is transferred directly to some college organization—suggests itself as being one of the very best solutions of that difficult problem of raising money for athletic purposes.

As we have said, the Dramatic Club has taken the initiative. Let us hope that the Minstrel Troupe may soon fall in line, so that the dreaded “monotony of second term” may be somewhat relieved, the coffers of our athletic organizations visibly increased, and a harmless outlet presented for the exuberance of pent-up college spirits.

The Philosophy of Snaps.

OUR subject needs no definition. We have all heard of snaps, perhaps more than heard of them. The word, unfortunately, has no exact opposite, that idea being usually conveyed by a shrug of the shoulders, a violent exclamation or a none-of-that-for-me air, which, however suggestive, shows too plainly a serious defect in our college nomenclature. “Snag” has not as yet received the sanction of good usage, though it would make an excellent companion to “snap.” The sufficiency of the latter’s credentials are absolutely without question.

At the start it should not escape notice that in every man’s nature there is an inherent love for this entity, which we, as an intelligent community, have christened “snap.” The question is this, How far should this love be gratified? One, believing it an evil, with steel-clad will casts it from him, and is forthwith struggling in all manner of tribulations and torments; another, attracted by its surpassing fairness, and giving heed to promises of unlimited joys, cries, “Come, oh, snap, dear unto my soul,” and starts across the campus whistling a gay melody—a strange melody, which, in just fourteen weeks, undergoes a start-

ling metamorphosis, and becomes a wail; still a third, noting the tendency of men to rush to extremes, pauses a moment to consider.

He finds that the genus of courses under consideration admits of a very important subdivision. One species belonging to the genus by reason of some inherent weakness, the other by reason of very clear instruction on subjects not necessarily difficult of comprehension.

The first species needs little thought; it should obviously be avoided. The second is worthy of attention, and the truths upon which its discussion must be based are these: first, increase of intellectual power should be the aim of every student; second, mere knowledge without the ability to apply it does not constitute such power; and third, the conditions of our being admit of but a limited amount of work daily. When we consider that a wide and comprehensive knowledge can only be acquired by considerable reading in connection with class work, and that a regard for the other factor of intellectual power should induce us to devote some time to the Halls, our essays, orations and work for college periodicals, it is evident that in a strictly rational course much more is included than the curriculum specifies. But it is a matter of experience that a full quota of difficult electives will occupy the entire available time of of any man who does them justice. This is a simple statement of facts, and the conclusion is evident.

Our third friend cannot be far wrong if he choose on this basis, having always the applicability of each course to his individual needs as the guiding principle, nor can he be called a loafer if he choose "snaps."

We are not putting in a plea for lazy men. The difference between "snaps" supplemented by work, and "snaps," supplemented by loafing, is the difference between a wise man and a ———, but we never use strong language, and every man may judge for himself.

Literary Gossip.

"That place that does contain
My books, my best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy
Deface their ill-faced statues."

—The Elder Brother—*Baumont & Fletcher.*

I THINK all true friends and lovers of books, here in Princeton, have reason to rejoice and be glad. The period of the captivity is over. The gates are thrown open, and the prisoners' chains are stricken off. Our friends are not yet quite free, it is true; the barricade still stands in all its hideousness, moral and æsthetic; but they no longer suffer the pains of solitary confinement; we can go in to them once more and take them by the hand and tell them news of the world without, and ask of them how they have passed these two long years. Some of the best of them, to be sure, have been allowed to come out of their prison on parole, as it were, and have often enough overstayed their time without fear of punishment on their return. Two or three of them went home with me last June, and I think they spent a very pleasant summer. But a great many of them, quite as deserving, I have no doubt, have never seen nor spoken to a friend since they were thrown into prison by that *coup d'état* as sudden and successful as that which placed Napoleon the Little on the throne of France. And though for the present we can only meet with them for one short hour a day, yet we all feel, and I think they do too, that this is the dawn of a better day, when the bars shall be broken down and the fence shall vanish from the earth, and the perfect law of liberty shall reign.

"Kings' Treasuries" Ruskin calls libraries in his splendid "Sesame and Lilies," great cities of sleeping kings, who would awake for us and walk with us if we but knew how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns upon their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery, because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them, which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us and consider us; and, as the kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, "Art thou also become weak as we—art thou also become one of

us?" so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us saying, "Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we—art thou also become one of us?"

"Kings' Treasures." I feel this more and more every day as I go behind the railing and renew acquaintances that have been broken off since my Freshman year. I like to go in at the little gate on the left as you enter the library and spend a little time in the Poets' corner, and then pass on to the alcove of the Drama. I remember I read *The Faithful Shepherdess* for the first time in that alcove. Then I drop into the Fiction department and look over the new novels, for there are new novels in the library, though I have heard it doubted often enough. Then I wander into the alcove of Rhetoric and Oratory; I have never spent much time over the orations of departed statesmen, nor have I yet found much to interest me among the rhetoricians, but I discovered at an early stage of my investigations that all the essays were in that alcove. It is hard, indeed, to tell why the *Essays of Elia*, DeQuincey's *Avenger* and Birrell's *Obiter Dicta* should be grouped together under the heading of Rhetoric and Oratory. How the gentle Elia would have stammered his dismay if he had been accused of being an orator; how indignantly would the gossiping author of *Obiter Dicta* disclaim the charge that he was a rhetorician. No doubt, however, this is one of the many things that we learn during our college course to accept on faith.

I have always been fond of essay reading, and so, perhaps, I was especially inclined to enjoy Dr. Zabriskie's article in the *Princeton Review* for September. It was a very readable article on essays and essay writers, written in a style that showed not only that the author was perfectly at home in his subject, but also that he was a personal friend of most of the books he wrote about.

There was only one thing that I missed in the Doctor's article, and that was an appreciative notice of the present school of English essayists, among whom Birrell and Stevenson and Lang are the most prominent figures.

This is a school that has already made its mark in literature, I think, and one that will not soon be forgotten. There is no more charming reading in the world than the two volumes of *Obiter Dicta*. The author is the most cheerfully audacious personage imaginable. His themes are usually chosen from the well-worn high-roads of literature. Milton, Pope, Johnson, Carlyle, such are the people that he selects as the subjects for his gay irreverence. And yet he is irreverent, not so much to these great idols as to their blind worshippers and their conventional adorations. An accepted theory is his pet aversion, and he strikes its shield with his lance till it rings again, no matter how great be the champion that upholds it. It makes no difference to him how old a subject is, he has always something new to say about it, and he says it so well that we are fascinated alike by the striking originality of his thought and the sparkling bril-

liancy of the language in which it is clothed. I do not believe a certain prevalent fashion in biography has ever been so neatly stabbed as when, in his essay on Johnson, he says of Froude's famous, or infamous, *Life of Carlyle*, "For my part I would sooner be knocked down by Dr. Johnson than picked up by Mr. Froude."

Perhaps I am not an unprejudiced judge of Mr. Birrell's work, for I owe him a debt no measure of praise can ever repay. It was his essay on the Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry that set me to reading the most thoughtful poet of the age, and introduced me to Rabbi Ben Ezra and Cleon, and Abt Vogler and Pippa, and all his men and women. I am not going to enter into the wild *melée* of the Browning controversy. The Gossip is of a disposition entirely too peace-loving for such a bitter fray; but I think all those of us who love the great poet and thinker should strike hands with this his most ardent champion.

Stevenson is far better known to most of us, I imagine, as the great romancer whose wild fancy created Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Markheims, Ollala and Prince Florizel of Bohemia, than as an essayist. But he holds no mean rank in this department of literature as well. His *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* shows us an aspect of his genius quite different from that which gave birth to the weird romances that have fascinated us all. I know nothing that shows us so well the two sides of the man as his two studies of the old French poet; one a sketch, *A Lodging for the Night*, the other an essay on François Villon, *Poet Student and Housebreaker*. The one is wild, picturesque and uncanny, the other is critical, thoughtful, and full of the despairing sadness of the middle ages.

As Stevenson is the most thoughtful writer of this school, so Lang is the highest and best artist. His versatile genius turns with equal facility to writing *Ballades and Verses Vain*, to painting the pleasures and pains of a book-hunter, or to translating the *Odyssey* of Homer. But his most characteristic work, I think, and the one that appeals to most readers, is his delightful collection of little essays, entitled "*Letters to Dead Authors*," some of them criticisms, ever kind and wise, of the authors' work on earth, others charming imitations of the various styles of such varied men as Herodotus, Rabelais and Omar Khayyam. And yet there is one great objection to the book; no one can ever read it, I believe, and lay it aside with a feeling of complete satisfaction as when a man rises from a Thanksgiving dinner, he always wants to read it again, and yet again. And obviously this takes up valuable time.

Perhaps the best letter in the whole collection is the one addressed to Q. Horatius Flaccus, beginning, "In what manner of Paradise are we to conceive that you, Horace, are dwelling, or what region of immorality can give you such pleasures as this life afforded? The country and the town, nature and men—who know them so well as you, or who ever so wisely made the best of those two worlds?" Its beautiful translations and its tender close, "Farewell, dear Horace; farewell, thou wise and

kindly heathen, the friend of my friends and of so many generations of men," how sharply these contrast with our stumbling paraphrases of those wonderful odes, and our

"Then, farewell, Horace, whom I hated so;
Not for thy faults, but mine."

Books, books, books. Here I have run on through my whole gossip, talking of nothing else, and how much do the best of us care for books now, in the height of the foot-ball season, when every right-minded man in the College looks at, talks about, and dreams of nothing else than our eleven. Before you read these words the championship games will have begun. How will they end? Will the blue or the orange-and-black wave triumphant one short month from now? Ah! we look vainly into the future.

"No voice from some sublimer world hath ever,
To sage or poet, these responses given."

It is the proud boast of a classmate of mine that for four years he has played on the 'Varsity, and never lost a game. Let us hope that he can still say that when the season closes.

Editor's Table.

" The lover watched his chosen maid
As through the virgin choir she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage.
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none."

NOW, in point of fact, the fellow was much better off with his "gentle wife" than he would have been with a fairy, or a whole troop of them, and in making the statement we lay no especial stress upon the adjective, either. So materialize all our ideals, often most luckily for us. Take, for example, the man who has made the attainment of a finished literary education, a lofty culture, the end towards which all his energies are turned. How he gloats over the joy he will feel in the possession of it; how he will rise above earth and tread the air, giving no thought to those matters which fill the minds of those less fortunate. It is to be an end, an unbounded satisfaction in itself. And lo! when, after weary and unromantic struggle, he has won that he sought, his idol has become of the same nature as himself. A delightful companion, a wonderful help over rough places, a support that he would not part with for all that it cost him, and yet its old-time glamour is lost in the commonplace. Were it not so he would starve to death, as some have done whose ideals were ideals to the end. Fairies, forsooth, who expects them to be good cooks!

Past experience in dreams leads us to feel some interest in a contribution to the November *Atlantic* on the subject. The writer says, "A writer of fiction once assured me that when he has conceived a character it acts of its own accord, leaving him but the simple task of chronicling its doings, and I have read that one or two authors of repute have made similar statements. This seems to me the most palpable kind of conceited humbuggery." Then he goes on to state how his belief was shaken by the fact that more than once in dreams, shadowy personages have spoken to him of things that had never been in his mind previously, and that never would have been there unless thus suggested, requiring some careful thought even before he was able to comprehend them. And these things were not in any sense fantastic, but perfectly rational and legitimate observations, as proved by after study.

If it be true that such rational and inventive dreaming is not only possible, but is at the command of certain great novelists, it ought to constitute a test of supreme genius in that line. Think of the felicity of

being able to set a character spinning on its own axis, as it were, and having to devote no further mental effort, but simply to write down the history of its evolutions, assured that it will not involve itself in any of those absurdities or impossibilities that are occasionally found in the work of the most careful, *wide-awake* novelists; as, for instance, when the Fair Maid of Perth is represented as attending mass in the *afternoon*. Meanwhile aspirants for literary fame need not be discouraged, since so many have secured it who were confessedly without this newly discovered qualification.

Here is another quotation, which has a closer connection in meaning with that at the head of this article than appears on the surface:

"I quit the dusty way
Where the elms uniting sway
Just above,
In deeper shadow there
Stands the form so dainty fair
Of my love.

"To my arms the laughing face,
The snowy gown of lace,
Lightly trips;
I look, pause, reassure,
Ere I lift a face so pure
To my lips.

"She says, with a smile divine,
On her birthday she'll be mine
Evermore.
She presses close to tell
Me her age, it is—ah, well!
Only four."

It is from the September number of the *Dartmouth Lit.* We saw two of our classmates begin to read it, turn the page eagerly and read still further, then turn hastily away with a disappointed look and the ejaculation often heard at such times, "Sold again!" Whether they were dissatisfied with the poem itself, or with its denouement, they neglected to state. This number of the *Lit.*, which begins its second volume, is an excellent one. The leading essay on "Lang, Gosse and Dobson," is of exceptional merit. It describes briefly these three, so modern as not yet to be so widely read and appreciated as they deserve; illustrates them by the most exquisite selections, and treats of them with such delicate literary taste and accuracy of information that we are inclined to rank the essay among the best of those that our exchanges have brought us. "The Chair" is pleasant reading, as is also the essay on Tolstōi's works among the reviews. So well established and conducted, we predict a long and successful life to our younger brother of Dartmouth, and refrain from giving him any advice just at present, except to "keep at it."

"What a student pays to the college is only a fifth of the amount it

costs to have him here," says a college professor of *Lafayette*. It is a striking statement, true on the face of it for more than one or two colleges, yet it would hardly occur to our minds of itself, so much a matter of course does it seem that all things should be provided for the student. We give the *Lafayette's* further words on the subject: "Generous-hearted, noble-minded men make our college what it now is; and we, blessed with these advantages so unselfishly given, fritter away our time." But the writer goes on to give such a seductive picture of the delights of "frittering" that duty is again almost forgotten. It was probably his anxiety not to point the moral too sharply that led him to place it at the opposite extremity of his remarks.

Prof. Hunt's article in the October number of the *New Englander and Yale Review*, on "The English Bible and the English Language," is full of that earnest and striking thought that is so marked in all his work; and especially when he is addressing an audience of students. With much of the framework of the article his classes here are familiar, but he has placed flesh upon the skeleton and added to it historically, while in the conclusion he has called our attention more forcibly than ever to the spiritual element and high character of our language, showing conclusively that these and hence its place among other languages, are due to the Book of books.

If one would be held as by a spell, and forced to read and to tremble, whether he will or no, let him turn to the "Story of Arnon," in the November *Harper's*. With what wonderful power the tale is told! We cower before the patriarch's curse; we shudder at the brazen sky overhead, and share in the awful despair with which the outcast views the dead bodies of wife and child, and curses the God that he had forsaken. How full of poetry and pathos, yet how terrible; almost too terrible, dealing as it does with one of the most thrilling events of sacred history. It is the most unique production that its rising young Southern authoress has yet given to the literary world, and it suggests a thought which cannot be enlarged upon till another time; that the time is coming when writers will have exhausted all available earthly material, and must create a new planet. There they will no longer be compelled to pay any respect whatever to those antiquated laws by which this world is still ruled, and can be original to their hearts' content.

Those interested in modern yacht building find in the article on "The Viking Ship," in *Scribner's* for November, a number of illustrations from photographs and drawings which show, in detail, the method of constructing the remarkable boats of the ancient Vikings. A striking similarity to the best modern models is exhibited.

A number of remarkably fine portraits of well-known amateur athletes in motion, illustrate Dr. Sargent's article on "The Physical Characteristics of athletes."

Book Reviews.

CARMINA PRINCETONIA. The University Song Book. (Newark, N. J.: Martin R. Dennis & Co.)

This sixth edition of the Carmina is vastly improved and brightened by the omission of a host of class odes of no general interest. Students now in college may well be pleased to find therein the latest and most popular airs sung in college last year, prominent among which are "Other Arrangements," and "Listen to My Tale of Woe." Messrs. Carter, Snea and McAlpin are to be complimented highly for the good judgment displayed in making the compilation. Type and binding are all that can be desired. The cover displays the latest idea in Princeton work, namely, an orange and black design on a white ground. The fact that it easily becomes soiled need not stand as an objection; the design itself might be more attractive and clearer in execution.

LETTERS FROM HEAVEN. Translated from the German. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls.)

That this book has reached its second edition shows that there may be something in it in spite of a certain semi-irreverence in its title. It evidently was written by one of devout and earnest purpose, whose aim was to make more realistic the actual teaching of Scripture, while in no sense going beyond Bible authority. It may prove deeply instructive to one that reads with serious thought.

But whether such a method as this author has adopted be a good one in which to present such topics is open to question. If this be granted, then author or translator is in fault for allowing a certain occasional lightness of style, which, at times, verges so closely upon the ludicrous, not to say silly, that attention is diverted from the subject matter, and all effect for the time is lost. We do not believe that the sensational has any place in religious literature.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES. By Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.)

A concise and clear exposition of the evidence upon the above questions, by a man who has few equals in his power of logical demonstration in subjects far more involved than this, and whose wonderful keenness of style lends an absorbing intellectual charm to any subject. The truth is not more the truth when presented by Prof. Patton than by any other, but more convincingly presented it certainly is. The book should be read by all who have thought upon its subject.

SELECT TALES FROM THE GESTA ROMANORUM. Translated and annotated by Rev. C. Swan. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

This is one among the brightest of the gems that have found their way to the editorial table. The tales selected are linked together by a pleasing device, detailing how three Oxford students derived both amusement and instruction from them one winter's vacation. To the classical student the tales themselves need no recommendation; to all others a glance at any one of them will bring an eager desire to know more, not only of those in this book, but of the entire literature of the times of which they were an exponent. The book is quaint and delightful from beginning to end.

EDWARD III AND HIS WARS. By W. J. Ashley.

THE MISRULE OF HENRY III. By the Rev. W. H. Hutton, M.A. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

We have here the two initial volumes of a series entitled *English History from Contemporary Writers*, whose distinguishing feature, as the name implies, is that they are made up of selections illustrating prominent features in each period treated, most carefully compiled and translated, or slightly modernized whenever necessary to secure clearness. The plan is unique, and worthy of all commendation. To the student or general reader who cannot have access to those old volumes, which he would delight in poring over, and upon which the very history he is reading depends, nothing can be more interesting than these pertinent extracts, brought to his hand in convenient form, and illustrated in an artistic style coeval with the literary one. Even if they had not this value, they would merit a place in any library as literary curiosities. *The Rules of Grosseteste's Household in Henry III.*, and the picture of the battle of Crecy in *Edward III.*, will excite pleased attention from the most careless in such matters.

LETTERS FROM COLORADO. By H. L. Wason. (Boston: Cupples and Hurd. \$1.25.)

Some little study is required to find out what these letters really are. Finally they resolve themselves into a series of poetical effusions written by a college man in Colorado to his chum in the East, and giving descriptions of striking places, people and incidents. Though making no pretensions whatever to literary merit, they are not altogether lacking in this respect; and there is a raciness in them born of college and western life combined. Some of the renderings of Indian and Aztec legends into verse are really beautiful in spite of carelessness of construction; their pathos cannot fail to move. The *Legend of Antelope Park* is one of the best.

JOHN KEATS. By Sidney Colvin. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

The young lover of beauty whose untimely death inspired Adonais and has been so universally lamented in the world of letters, whose fine sensibility gave us some of the most exquisite verse in our language, and whose genius founded the Art School, is one of the most interesting characters connected with English literature.

Not only for the beauty of his own verse does Keats deserve study, but also from the influence he has exerted upon the poetry of the present era. Tennyson is his disciple, and Swinburne carries his principles to extreme. He was the great master of the art of poetry. Mr. Colvin's biography is very complete, and evinces unusual fairness of judgment. It is thoughtful and interesting, and ranks high in the series of *English Men of Letters*.

NEW YORK. (American Commonwealth Series.) By Ellis H. Roberts. 2 Vols., \$2.50. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The volumes lying before us constitute the eighth and ninth numbers of the series of Mr. Scudder's *American Commonwealths*. The author is the well known editor of the *Utica Herald*, and is probably the best person that could have been selected to do justice to the entire subject. Commencing with the discovery of New York by the French, Mr. Roberts traces its growth and development down to the present time. The Dutch colonization, the culmination of the Dutch sway, the surrender of the Dutch, all these are treated in a masterly manner. New York's part in the strength of the colonies is pictured in glowing terms, and must arouse the enthusiasm of every loyal citizen of the Empire State. But perhaps the most interesting and entertaining part of the work is the description of New York's position in the war of the rebellion. His picture of the celebrated draft-riots are as accurate as they are fascinating, and his final chapters on "New York in the Second Century" and "The Primacy of New York," are among the best. The style is pleasing, and the facts have been selected with great skill. As an historical work it is exceedingly valuable, and its literary merit will assure it an honored place among the literature of the day.

THE REVOLUTION IN TANNER'S LANE. By Mark Rutherford. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

In the "Revolution in Tanner's Lane" Mr. Rutherford has given us a vivid and graphic picture of the condition of the English during the years which followed the Perceval Ministry. Not only are the historic facts presented to us, but the feelings and needs of the people are set forth in a striking manner. The materials at hand were intensely dramatic, and the author has woven them in with considerable skill. The novel itself is a powerful one, and in addition to its historic value affords

a fine delineation of character. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman are drawn true to life, and their experiences have been the experiences of many. Ever and anon Mr. Rutherford touches on theological and philosophical themes, and in his handling of them shows a deep insight into the human mind.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. A SURVEY OF FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS.

Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M. A. 2 Vols. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.)

There is no more marketable commodity in the domain of letters than literature published to meet a popular interest or curiosity aroused by the death of a prominent personage, or the recurrence of the anniversary of some noted event. At such times the reading public seems ravenous, and to supply the demand the country is flooded with cheap works bearing on the special topic at hand, until one is ready to conclude that of "making many books there is no end." No better instance of this tendency can be cited than the numerous publications incident upon the deaths of Grant and Beecher, and, more recently, on the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. Publications on this latter subject might still continue but that these two volumes give such an admirable compend and resumé of the reign that nothing further is left to be desired. These two volumes comprise an able and authoritative review of the progress made during the last half century in Science, Religion, Politics and Art. The article on Science is written by Prof. Huxley, whose very name would prove that the subject is handled with conciseness and accuracy. Sir Henry Sumner Maine, perhaps the greatest living authority on Jurisprudence, writes on "India." The subject of "Constitutional Development" is ably handled by Sir Wm. R. Anson; that on "The Administration of Law" by Lord Justice Bowen. Two especially noticeable essays are those of Matthew Arnold and Prof. Fyffe, who treat of schools and universities respectively. Other articles worthy of special notice are those on "The Growth and Distribution of Wealth," "Finance," "The Drama" and "Music." The editor contributes papers on "Legislation of the Reign," "Foreign Policy" and "Art." While it is true that these articles are bound together into the unity of a single authorship, and while they cannot claim the sparkling narrative interest with which Justin McCarthy invests his "History of Our Own Times," yet as condensed and reliable synopsis of the progress of the Victorian age, they are indispensable to the journalist, the statesman and the man of affairs.

HALF-HOURS WITH AMERICAN HISTORY. Selected and arranged by Charles Morris. (The J. B. Lippincott Co. 2 vols.)

This is a companion series to the "Half-Hours with the Best American Authors," already reviewed in the *Lit.*, and all the praise that has

been given to the one may be bestowed with equal justice upon the other. "The extracts from historians are presented in chronological succession, divided into historical eras and joined by connecting links, each giving in brief outline a sketch of the intermediate events. By this means the work has been given the character of a history of America, as well as a selection from historians, and in this respect may be held to possess features of peculiar merit. Thus the selections have been confined to events of special interest or importance, many of them describing those striking scenes that have become like household words to American readers." Such are the professions which the compiler makes in his preface, and he lives up to them better than most of us live up to our professions. We have extracts from Bancroft, Irving, Robertson, Prescott, Palfrey, Parkman, Sparks, Hildreth, Higginson, Lossing, McMaster, and other less noted historians. In addition to these we have extracts from the works of men who played a leading part in the scenes whereof they write, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Horace Greeley, Adam Badeau, General Sherman, and the Comte de Paris. Vol. I embraces the period of discovery and colonization, from the earliest traditions of an unknown country in the Western seas to the discoveries of Columbus, Balboa and De Soto, the colonies of the French, the Pilgrims and the Dutch, and ending with the Declaration of Independence. Vol. II., beginning with the Revolution, carries on the history through this century and ends with the surrender of Appomattox and a review of recent history. The series may be highly recommended to all those who wish to pursue this fascinating if somewhat slightly unscientific method of studying history.

THINGS SEEN. By Victor Hugo. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

Victor Hugo saw things a little differently, perhaps, from most people. With him the world was reflected upon a mind whose controlling principle was a desire to relieve the unjust suffering he saw around him. Right and wrong are always opposed; the high-born and the lowly, the despot and the slave, are everywhere in antithesis. "In the Rue Saint-Florentin there are a palace and a sewer." But in *Choses Vues* we have the great author, not as in his studied and more extensive works, but in a simpler and less intense mood. He speaks of Napoleon's funeral; of the deaths of Tallyrand and Balzac, the duke of Orleans and others; of a *soirée* at M. Guizot's; of *fêtes* and dinners at the houses of prominent persons in Paris; of the Revolution of May 12th, and of many other things with which he was connected or which fell under his observation. It is, in fact, a record of the thoughts aroused by passing events in the mind of a great man.

BETWEEN WHILES. Helen Jackson (H. H.). (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

This collection of short stories by H. H. contains several gems to make us feel what a loss American literature sustained in her early death,

and several things included in the collection to show us, perhaps, how poorly a great author can write. The "Inn of the Golden Pear," the first story in the book, is by far the most powerful. It is the story of a woman, vain, low-minded and selfish, yet with a wondrous fascination, beautiful and deceitful, and of a spell she casts over a young man of noble birth and high character, who, with every reason to distrust her, succumbs to her charm with hardly a struggle. And yet she is so winning that we can hardly blame him, but are, on the contrary, slightly moved with envy when old Benoit tells the landlord that he has seen them in the pear orchard, and "may the saints forsake me if I do not think he had his arm round her waist, and her head on his shoulder." But our envy changes to supreme disgust when we find on the next page that the story ends at the moment when the spell is at its height, and was indeed but the beginning of a novel, left unfinished by the death of the author. It is a case that makes us regret that Helen Jackson had not Hugh Conway's marvelous power of writing after death. "The Mystery of Wilhelm Rütter" is a tragic story of a ruined life, and far surpasses the remaining stories of the book, which chiefly concern the loves of elderly Scotchmen. The volume is neatly gotten up in the attractive covers, clear type and clean paper that distinguishes the publications of Roberts Brothers.

MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY. By William Elliot Griffis. (Boston: Cupples and Hurd. \$2.)

The tendency of our literature towards biography has been very manifest of late years. The issue of the "American Men of Letters Series" and "Statesmen's Series" bears testimony to this fact. In the present instance we think the choice of the subject has been peculiarly apt, as this is the first biography of M. C. Perry, the younger brother of the well known Oliver H. Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. Commodore Perry deserves public recognition for many reasons. "He was the father of our steam navy." He was the first to demonstrate the efficacy of the ram as a weapon of offense in naval warfare, and to him we owe the founding of the naval apprenticeship system. The story of his life is written "To satisfy an earnest desire of the Japanese to know more of the man who so profoundly influenced their national history." It shows that "Matthew Perry was no creature of routine, but a typical American naval officer," whose final triumph of opening Japan to the civilized world crowned a long and brilliant career.

BODYKE. By Henry Norman. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

"An eviction is a sentence of death," says Mr. Gladstone; and so we are prone to believe, after reading the history of Bodyke, a small village in Ireland, where the tenants were recently evicted through inability to

pay exorbitant rents. Although accounts of this nature are often apt to be highly colored, and at times inaccurate, the one before is remarkable for its plain straightforwardness and accuracy of statement.

In citing these numerous examples of injustice which fell under his own personal observation, the author makes a very strong argument for what he rightly claims to be the true solution of the Irish question, *i. e.*, Home Rule.

BUTTON'S INN. By Albion W. Tourgee. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)

In a work from the pen of Judge Tourgee, following "A Fool's Errand" and its companion volumes, we naturally look for light to be thrown on some dark political problem; some startling presentation of facts in our midst. "Button's Inn" is at first sight simply a novel—and a novel of absorbing interest need not be said. Only when more than half through do we find a description of the rites and faith of the early Mormon church, with a hint at the scheming of its Prophet; yet it is just here that the author has done his most accurate and instructive work. In the chapter entitled "After Many Days," he has given a philosophical picture of the state of society that made the institution of such a church possible; and at the close of the volume we find this subject to be the one impressed on our minds to the exclusion of all else.

AMERICAN STATE CONSTITUTIONS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The content of this volume is a speech delivered before the New York Bar Association by Henry Hitchcock, LL. D. The design of the address is "a desire, very briefly, to call attention to a few of the more important changes which the several States of the Union have made in the more permanent portions of the laws that govern them." This design has been elaborated in a scholarly and pleasing manner.

At a meeting of the Sophomore class, the following resolutions of respect were passed on the decease of their classmate, Fred. J. Krapp:

PRINCETON COLLEGE, Oct. 7, 1887.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite providence to suddenly remove from among us one whom we have all learned to love for his manly, consistent, Christian character, Fred. J. Krapp, of Buffalo, N. Y.; therefore,

Resolved, That while we cannot question the wisdom of God's Providence, yet we are deeply grieved at our loss; and

Resolved, That we extend to his family our heart-felt sympathy in their deep affliction, and as a token of respect we wear a badge of crape for thirty days; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, *The Princetonian*, and the Buffalo papers.

In behalf of the Class of '90. Signed,

JOHN M. YEAKLE, President.

MORRIS C. SUTPHEN, Secretary.

HALL OF THE CLIOSOPHIC SOCIETY, }
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,
NEW JERSEY, October 12th, 1887. }

WHEREAS, God, in His all-wise providence, has seen fit to remove from our midst Frederick J. Krapp; and

WHEREAS, We, the members of this Society, recognizing in him one who has as a student won the esteem and respect of his fellow members by his manly and Christian character; therefore

Resolved, That while we acknowledge in this event the will of One who doeth all things well, yet we do sincerely mourn his loss, and that we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family; and

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also published in the *Princetonian*, NASSAU LIT., and Buffalo papers.

A. B. COLLINS,

D. L. PIERSON,

R. H. KIRK, *Chairman*.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—Base-ball, '89 vs. '90. 7—3.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—Prof. Drummond, of the University of Edinburgh, addressed the students.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—Base-ball, '88 vs. '89. 21—6.

OCTOBER 3D.—Base-ball, '90 vs. '91, 8—6.

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